

First Dance by pkspssapphire

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Summary:

Eleven is concerned about breaking her promise about the Snow Ball, so Mike comes up with a makeshift replacement.

First Dance

Author's Note:

this isnt finished, so sorry it ends abruptly lol. enjoy
what i have anyway

Three months ago, February of 1984, Eleven had reappeared as abruptly as she had left. No warning. No signs, words, or cryptic messages. Turning up in her usual silence at the Wheeler's house was, without saying, a shock to Mike. The next hours were filled with people hovering over the frazzled child, cleaning her and feeding her (since she had been, to say the least, VERY disheveled and hungry). Mike's head had been filled to the brim with questions; they had made him so dizzy that he felt stuffed with cotton. Now, there were still unanswered questions, but everything had gone back to how it was in November of '83 (without the demogorgon, bad men, and other terrifying occurrences). This consequently meant the two knew they weren't exactly... "just friends". It was one night at the Wheeler's that Eleven said something to feed that flame.

"Mike."

"Yeah, El?"

He answered with a curious note in his voice, raising his head to look at her. She was gazing at the ceiling, deep in thought, he noted. Being in the basement meant that Eleven could relax. Not to mention, he was usually there with her organizing the next campaign. She enjoyed the simple and calm evenings in his presence.

"...we missed Snow Ball," she stated, the crouch groaning in protest as she rolled onto her stomach to look back at the freckled boy.

"Well it's, uh, not like we could do much about that, El," he selected his words carefully. He didn't want to make his telekinetic friend feel like it was her fault (because it wasn't!). After all, she took down an interdimensional monster and couldn't summon the energy to open another gate immediately. Simple stuff. Happens all the time.

Not.

Yet Eleven's nose wrinkled in disappointment.

"Is there another?" Eleven's expectant eyes laid on Mike, her head tilted to the side in waiting.

"Uh, yeah... it's just... really far away," he finished lamely. "All the way in Dece-" realizing she still was having trouble remembering the names of the months, he adjusted, "-I mean, when the snow starts falling again. Like, really heavily," Mike mentally slapped himself for slipping up so much. Eleven only frowned and ignored his speech mistakes.

"Why so far?" Questions, questions. Eleven sure was full of them. A smile tugged at the corners of his mouth, an idea forming in his head.

"Doesn't matter. Do you... wanna have a Snow Ball? I mean, it'd be more like a Basement Ball, but we could still do it. A promise is a promise," he rambled vigorously while tripping over his own tongue. Eleven looked perplexed.

"How?" She queried, scanning the basement. "No decoration," Eleven stated (as if it wasn't obvious).

"Well," he started, beginning to stand up, "we don't need decorations to dance," Mike dusted himself off (more out of habit than anything; who could gather dust on himself from creating a D&D campaign?) and looked around the rather large space they were in. By no means was this a dance floor, but it was definitely not a small area.

"Mike," Eleven protested as he stood. He looked over at her with an eyebrow raised, a question written on his face.

"Yeah, El? Is something wrong? I mean, we don't have to do anything of course not- I'm sorry, I kinda rushed-" he had realized he didn't even ask if Eleven was okay with it, god he was such an idiot- and then Eleven rested her hand on his shoulder in reassurance. When did she stand up?

"Mike. It is okay," she confirmed with a gentle smile. She still wasn't sure what a Snow Ball entailed other than dancing, but she could

learn. She did promise to go with him after all...

"Wait, El... do you even... know how to dance? Or, uh, what dancing is?" Mike's heart dropped to his feet as Eleven shook her head no. "Oh... well, would you mind if I taught you, then? I mean, it's not really a ball without ball dancing," he explained fervently. Eleven noticed his cheeks were dusted a light pink.

"I can learn. You teach," she pat his shoulder again, a small smile still plastered on her face. Admittedly, she didn't even know there was more than one kind of dancing, but Eleven adored Mike's antics anyway; his eagerness to teach her new things always made her feel warm and fuzzy. It was something she couldn't describe if she tried, not that her limited vocabulary had anything to do with it (well, partly). Eleven noticed Mike's eyes light up after she spoke.

"Well... first of all, there's like, so many different kinds of dancing; but it's basically moving to music," he started. Gears visibly whirled in his head as he figured out how to explain it; Eleven noticed it in the way his eyes darted around and his subtle head movements. She picked up on a lot of his behavior. "There's ball dancing, swing, some other names I don't know..."

"You ball dance at Snow Ball?" Eleven queried slowly, still getting used to longer sentences.

"Yeah. It's kinda boring, though," Mike mumbled in embarrassment.

["H-here, Nancy taught me how in preparation. She didn't really wanna, but mom thought it'd be cute, y'know?" He rambled with a shrug. "You put your hands on my shoulders, or your arms around my neck, either one really-" he cut himself off as Eleven gently snaked her arms around his neck.

"Like that?" She queried, scooting closer to him.]

Author's Note:

cool. thats it sorry i havent posted in forever ill try
and get some stuff out soon